Some Pacts About Henry Thomas Bookle. Aithough the so-called "History of Civilination" has ceased to be regarded as a work of entific value, its appearance was undoubtedly a remarkable event in literature and provoked a great deal of curios ty about the author. During the twenty years which have elapsed. the science of sociology has been placed by Mr. Spencer on a very different footing as regards principles and methods from that Mr. Buckle supposed it to occupy; yet the book thus superneded is still very widely read, and the por ular Interest awakened in the writer has not by any means subsided. Not a few renders, therefore, Il welcome a new and complete blography of accomplished man, which is now pub-Hehed by the Appletons under the title of The Me and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle, by

ALPED HENRY HUTH.

Mr. Buckle had printed nothing, and had lived a singularly retired and studious life, be-fore the publication of the first volume of his history; and the sudden acquirement of repu-tation was so speedily followed by a premature leath, that not only the materials of minute biography but even the broad features of his haracter and career were little known outside the circle of his intimate friends. Such inforation as American readers have obtained about him has been mainly drawn from the report of a conversation printed in the Atlantic athly; from a biographical notice by Miss Taylor, prefixed to his posthumous writangs; and from the strange lucubration Mr. Glennie, professing to be a of "Travel and Discussion in Byria with the late Henry Thomas Buckle,' monetrous perversions and preposter-concelt of this Mr. Glennie are satisfactorily exposed in an appendix to this volume. In these so-called discussions Buckle is sed simply as a peg upon which Mr Glennie hay hank his own views; Euckle begs explanations, and his interlocutor explains; Buckle bays " How so?" and his companion condeadingly enters into an elaborate exposition In the report of these talks in Syria, Buckle is always wandering from the subject while the togical Mr. Glennie is always bringing him Now and then the discomfitted historian to escape by turning the conversation, and his victorious opponent with magnan-imity allows M. At intervals Mr. Glennie passages from the Greek Testamen or the words of Socrates, Aristotle, or Hege In the original Greek or German, and obligingly translates them for Buckle's benefit. Of course we were expected to draw the concluden that Buckle did not know Greek, nor even erman for that matter, whereas Mr. Glennie knew the works of Aristotle the Memorabilia of perates, and the Greek Testament by heart. On the whole this Mr. Glennie was, no doubt, a wonderful man, with a phenomenal memory out it is pointed out by the author of this m moir that his memory, so tenacious of his own outgivings, was unable to retain Buckle's conversation, or even the most explicit and unsistakable statements of the latter's history. It was the publication of these ridiculous

"memories" which made it incumbent on Buckle's friends to defend him from the insinuntions conveyed, and led Mr. Huth, in particu lar, to undertake the present volume. Whether t be the consequence of a not unnatural reaction or of a fervent admiration which, under any circumstances, would have been incompatible with a judicial spirit, we are bound to say that Mr. Huth's memoir errs almost as sigilly as Mr. Glennie's fabulous reminiscences although in precisely the opposite direction. It se too diffusive and undiscriminating; there a total lack of candid admission and sober criticism; there is something strained and monotonous in its unqualified eulogy. The writer, indeed, resents the faintest sign of qualification or detraction, as if Buckle's actual attainments, in view of the fact that he was In the most emphatic and exclusive sense a self-educated man, were not sufficiently remarkable. The truth, of course, is that Buckle was not a scholar in the technical meaning of the word universally accepted by scholars them selves; that he was not a man of science in the sense of being an independent investigator in any specific field; and that he was not a philosopher in any proper acceptation of the term. For himself he scarcely claimed to be any of these things, but he possessed a marvellous faculty of assimilating facts and ideas collected or evolved by other men; and, on looking over the whole mass of his accumulations, he supposed himself to discern the indications of certain general laws which he attemped to formu late in his celebrated work. Those laws we need not say, regarded as exhaustive and accurate inductions from the phenomena, are now generally repudiated; and with the destruction of the groundwork the whole superstructure which he had begun to rear on it has virtually collapsed.

The paked outline of Buckle's life was sketched in a letter which he wrote to Theodore Parker. He was born at Lee, in Kent, in November, 1822, and was therefore a little less than 40 years of age when he died, in May, 1862. His father, who was a morehant, descended from a family one of whom was Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, died in 1840, and left his son an in come of about \$7,500 a year. His m who survived him, was a Miss Middleton of the Yorkshire Middletons. As a boy Buckle's health was extremely delicate, and parents, following the advice of a well-known physician, Dr. Birkbeck, for hade his receiving any kind of instruction likely to tax the brain. This hindered him from being, in the common sense of the word, educated, and, of course, prevented his going to college. Up to the age of 17 he had rend almost nothing, except Shakespeare, the "Arabian Nights," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," three books on which, as he tells us, he literally feasted. From that time onward. wever, he became an omnivorous reader, and before the age of 19 he had already con ceived the plan of his book. The conception no doubt, was dim enough; but still the pla was there, and he forthwith set about its sys tematic execution. Thenceforward he worked on an average nine to ten hours daily In the early morning he usually studied physieal science; in the forencon languages for which until the age of ninetoen had been, to use his own phrase, deplorably ignorant); the rest of the day history and juris prudence; and in the evening general literature. His favorite recreation was chess-play ing, of which he became one of the most distinguished amateurs in Europe, competing on equal terms, and not unsuccessfully, with the irst professional adepts. From the outset of his enreer as a student and man of letters, he steadily refused to write in Reviews, being de termined to give up his life to a larger purpose Thus it happened that at his death he had pro duced nothing except a fragment of his history. Insamuch as Buckle's industry and the surprising range of his information are the most

characteristic features of the man, some addisignal details on these topics may prove of intorest. He calculated in 1857 that 22,000 volume had been in his library, nearly all of which books he had read in the preceding fourtee: years, besides writing in every important book an epitome of its contents, learning languages. and practising style. His system in reading was not to follow the book, but the subject. He would, for instance, in studying the history of England, not read a single work straight through, but an important period, like the age of the Renaissance, in one author, say Hallam, then in Lingard, then in another; next go on to read the despatches of ambassadors. and afterward the lives of the great men in that spoch in various biographical dictionaries; until, having surveyed the subject from ever int of view, and turned it over in his mind. he was saturated, as he called it, with that period, and would go on to another. At the same time he might have another subject in such as physiology, which he would atudy in a like manner; and perhaps two or more languages, By the year 1850 the total number of languages which Buckle had mesfered was nineteen, in six of which, namely, | for any kind of intellectual splendor that they

French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch, he could converse or write with ease. With the rest, which, by the way, included Russian, he had a sufficient acquaintance to be able to read them without trouble, and he seems never to have cared for a knowledge of any tongue except as a key to its literature. This he deemed their real value, for as to speaking them, one might travel through Europe with only a knowledge of French. The vanity of people, he said, is so great that they will siways talk to you in your own language if they have but a smattering of it. of a man who was pointed out to him at Cairo as very learned because he knew eight languages, Buckle asked, "Has he done anything?" "No," was the reply, "Then be is

only fit to be a courier." Buckle's style, which certainly is clear and flowing, was the result of long continued study and experiment. He always composed in the forenoon, waiking about the room, semetimes exchedly, his mind engrossed in the subjecuntil he had produced an entire paragraph when he sat down and wrote it, never retouching nor constructing sentence by sentence, which he considered had a tendency to give a jerky effect to what is written. Traces of such in organic, mosale composition might, he thought be found in Macaulay's style. When dissatis-fied with what he had done. Buckle would rather rewrite it altogether than attempt to alter the text as it stood. Of course, the method of constructing whole paragraphs at a stretch before putting them to paper, implies an exsellent memory. Buckle's memory seems to have been almost faultless, and always ready to assist and illustrate his powers of exposition Pages of our great prose writers, says his biographer, were impressed on his remem brance. He could quote passage after passage with the same case as others quote poetry, while of poetry fiself he was wont to say," it stamps itself on the brain." Shakespeare, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, were so Insufficer that he was always able recall long passages from any of their was best in French literature. An instance is cited of his readiness when some one having referred to a striking phrase quoted by Rollean from Corneille's "Horace," Buckle recited the whole scene from its commencement. On another occasion, dining at the same house with Prior, the author of the "Life of Burke," Buckle chanced to remark on the felicity of Burke's comparison of the claim of right to tax Americ to the claim of a right to shear a wolf. Prior then knew nothing of Buckle, and, forge his own quotation, contradicted him, and said the simile belonged to Sheridan. A neigh-bor whispered to Buckle, "Take care what you say; that is Prior, who wrote Burke's life." Buckle was allent, but only for a minute, and then he came out with the whole of Burke's magnificent onelaught.

which occupies, by the way, about a page and half of the present duodecimo volume. Notwithstanding the tenseity of his memory Buckle would never allow himself to trust to i entirely. Every book he read was full of pencilled comments and abstracts, and he used to carry about a little note book in his pocket in which he would write down such things as dates and long quotations, and this he would consult from time to time during his walks. For poetry this was hardly necessary, but a page or two of prose he was obliged to read over three or four times before he knew it by heart. Buckle's personal appearance is said to have pretension to good looks. He had fine eyes and well-shaped head, but premature baldness made the latter rather singular than attractive: and beyond a look of power, in the upper part of his face especially, there was nothing to admire. He was tall, but his figure had no clastleity; it denoted the languor of the mere stu dent, one who has had no early habit of bodily exercise, and the same inference could be drawn from his hand, which was well formed, but had the peculiar stamp that marks one trained to wield a pen only. As a matter of fact, however, he made it a rule to walk seven miles in the course of every day, without reference to the weather. In society Buckle's man-ner was very simple and quiet, though easily roused to excitement by conversation;

but in intimate intercourse, we are told, a boy-ish playfulness often varied his habitually earnest talk. In his personal habits Buckle was the reverse of self-indulgent, though he had cultivated a certain attention to cookery, and was a first-rate judge of it. No woman, he said, could make tea until he had taught her the great thing was to have it very hot; the cups, he thought, and even the spoons, should be warmed. "It is the only time my servants are afraid of me." he said. "while I am at my meals." Indeed, he prided himself on the rea-sonable cultivation of his senses, as well as his intellect, and on his practicality as well as his speculative powers; though he despised hose "whose knowledge is almost confined to what passes around them, and who, on so count of their ignorance, are termed pramen." No man, on the other hand, has invelghed more severely against the complacency with which men of genius, whom he calls "the salt of the earth," run into debt. There is no doubt that Buckle was, in a conspicuous de-gree, provident and frugal, and scarce spent anything but in the necessary support of his

literary character, the maintenance of his health, or the relief of his neighbors. There are two things, he said, for which I never grudge money; books and eigars. On the ormer, he laid out about \$1,500 a year, only uying them for the subject, and never wasting penny on costly bindings or rare editions. The soothing influence of tobacco was so necessary to him that he never would accept an invitation to any house where he might not smoke. One cigar after breakfast, one before dinner, and one in bed (when he used to read some light book) was his usual allowance, and he averred that he could neither read, write, nor talk if forced to forego his smoke or to overpass by much his usual hour for indulging in it. But though he never denied himself a book that he needed, or a good eigar, Buckle was exceedingly careful in other ways with his money. He paid cash for everything he bought, and was careful to ge liscount, and at one time used to go to the butcher himself to see his steaks cut. One of the chief reasons of his studious economy, in later life at all events, was the resolve not to marry before he had \$15,000 a year. "I expect

so much in my wife," he once said, "that I cannot look for money too;" and with his ideas on education he considered he would not be justiled in marrying on less than the income above named. Buckle would not have sent his children to school, except in the case of boys for the benefit of association with their fellows, but would have taught them himself by word of mouth. Travelling, he said, was the great est educator, as it was also the most expensive. Buckle, it seems, was often attacked by his friends because he did not marry, but the fact was that, up to his mother's death, he never felt lonely. Perhaps, too, his previous disappointments of the heart, and enire devotion to his book, made him unwilling o make fresh ventures and assume new responsibilities. Afterward, however, he knowledged his mistake, declaring that he felt timself alone, terribly alone, in the world. " If, at least, my little nephew had lived," he said I should have had a friend in time; I would have made something of him. But," he continued in a lower tone, "what I love I lose, and

now that I am near forty, I am alone." It would be a mistake to overlook in the mos cursory notice the salient facts connected with the publication and reception of that history, which was, in a peculiar and emphatic sense, Buckle's life. Like other unknown writers Buckle could find no publisher to accept his first volume, and an edition of 1,500 copies was printed at his own expense, the bookseller reneed not any that the success of the work was ost instantaneous. In London it became the talk of the season, and its author the literary ion of the day. His own experience suggeste the remark he afterward made at Cairo, that the people of England have such an admiration

will forgive for its sake the most objectionable foctrines. An American reprint came out in the same year that the book was published, but Buckle, it seems, never received a penny for the American edition of his first volume, and only \$250 for the reprint of his second. By June, 1861, 3,500 copies of the first volume and nearly 2,000 copies of the second had been sold in It was translated into German, French, and Spanish, and no less than four Rossian versions have appeared. We may add that Mackenzie Wallace twice found a Bussian translation of Buckle's history in peasants' buts, and the same traveller says that during the first year of his residence in Russia, he rarely had a serious conversation without hearing Buckle's name mentioned. We need not say that Buckle's principal inductions, and especially his view of the superiority of intellectual over moral laws, considered as dynamic factors of civilization, were vehemently affacked by the great majority of English reviews and newspapers. The conspicuous ex-ceptions were the Westminster and the Saturday. The latter thought Mr. Buckle had made good his point, that the primary cause of progress is in the intellect; the subordinate cause, however, namely, moral motives, modifying the primary cause indefinitely. And the article in the Westminster, written by an Oxford clergyman of considerable reputation, went so far as to "seriously regret, as Mr. Buckle does, the common notions of the influence of mora principle on the progress of civilisation." Of all the objections brought against his arguments by the various reviewers, Buckle publicly anwhat he pronounced its "marvellous igno-But to his friends, and privately, he justified himself against attack. Thus, he wrote a long letter to Vice-Chancellor Wood, another to Dr. Lyon Playfair, defending his chemical views of cheap food, and another to Prof. Wheatstone, supporting his assertion that Malus dis-

covered the polarization of light. It is a current assertion that Buckle owed much to Comte, and there are undoubtedly many points upon which the two writers are at one. This was M. Littre's opinion, who said Buckle would never have written such a book had he not had before him the work of M. Comte. It is certain that the French philosopher, in his " Sociology," supposes mankind to be subject to natural laws, and not above them, which is the root idea of Buckle's history. To point out, however, the particulars of his subject's indebtment to Comte, or the extent to which his work has been superseded by the investigations of Herbert Spencer, lay beyond the scope of the present biography, which breathes, as we have said, an unbroken tone of panegyrie.

Recollections of the Chevaller Wikoff. Mr. HENRY WIKOPP has from time to time given the world glimpses of his fortunes and misfortunes in books bearing such titles as My Courtship and its Consequences." and Adventures of a Roving Diplomatist." He now comes forward with another contribution o personal literature under the title of The Reminiscences of an Idler (Fords, Howard & Hulbert). Mr. Wikoff has lived a long life, He declines to say how long a one, or to reveal the date of his birth, which, as he save, he has "always allowed to repose in mys-But as we flad him at Princeton preparing for college nearly sixty years ago, it may safely be said, in spite of his youthful and elegant appearance, that he is an elderly man at present. Like many men of his age, he is somewhat garrulous, and the six hundred pages that make up his book might, without detriment to their value, have been compressed into half their bulk. His school and college days, especially, are not very interesting, though he skipped about from college to college in an as-tonishing way, and with as much versatility as later in life he skipped from city to city of the world. We find him successively at Princeton studying with the intent to enter that college, then at Yale, then at Harvard, which he tried to enter, having been dismissed from Yale for some college pranks, and finally at Union,

where, at last, he was graduated. The volume only covers a period of ten years after his graduation, but in that time he seems to have formed the acquaintance of more dislot of most people to meet in a whole lifetime. Among the noted persons whom he knew. some of them intimately, some only casually were Edwin Forrest, Martin Van Buren, Andrew Jackson, Lord Brougham, the Countess of Blessington. Joseph Bonaparte, Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer, Guizot, Thiers, the Countess Guiccioli, Count d'Orsay, Louis Philippe, and Fanny Elisler. He was at one time an attaché of the American Legation at London, and was presented at court in the time William IV

The varied experiences of Mr. Wikoff in his wanderings from one country to another are related in a plain, unaffected style, replete with letail, and also replete with valuable information and comment. His description of Philadelphia sixty years ago is interesting:

formation and comment. His description of Philadelphia sixty years ago is interesting:

The placid city of Penn was then lighted with oil, and at the corners of the streets stood a round box of some seven feet in height, surmounted by a lamp, and with a stovepipe peering out of the roof. It was just large enough to contain a man, a small stove in winter, and two or three torches. It was from these dark receptacles sailled forth the guardians of the night, armed with a blazing flambeau and wooden rattle to cry the bour and announce the state of the weather. Constables Isw and far between, had charge of the day. Wood was used for heating houses high and low, and in the autumn negroes with their horse and saw on their back drove a brisk business in all the streets when the winter's supply was laid in Mysterious rumors were beginning to prevail that a new substance, called coal, emitted more heat than wood, and made a more durable fire. One bold gentleman, in 1824, had a grate put up in his house, which was the talk of the town, and visitors thronged to see the novelty. The chief places of amusement in Philadelphia at this time consisted of a theatre and circus. Private boxes were then unknown. The admission to boxes was \$1, to pit 75 cents, to gallery 25 cents. The benches of the boxes were badity cushlored, with no backs. The pit benches had neither cushlons nor backs. Our orefathers must have been a stiff-backed generation to arcept amusement on quelt ferms. Worse than all, the cold in winter was literase, both in the house and on the stage, as no heating apparatus was known. Between the acts crowds of men collected around two huge stoves in the corridors; but women were compelled to sit out the performance, shivering and benumbed.

In 1834 Mr. Wikoff found his way to Europe.

In 1834 Mr. Wikoff found his way to Europe and he has a great deal to say about the effects produced upon his unsophisticated mind by France and other countries in which he subsequently travelled. Much of his matter is, lowever, of a statistical nature, such as we are accustomed to look for in cyclopædias and books rather than in autobiographies, At the Porte St. Martin, then as now the home of melodrama and spectacle, Victor Hugo's Lucrèce Borgia" was being played, the prinsipal part being taken by Mile. George, the first tragic actress of her time, of whose liaison in her younger days with the first Napoleon, and the unhappiness it caused Josephine, Mme. de Rémusat, in her recently published memoirs, has so much to say. Mr. Wikoff also alludes to ect, but suggests that Napoleon had a rival, and a successful one, too, in Ouvrard, the wealthy army contractor. Napoleon, in his turn, was excessively jealous of Ouvrard, and on one occasion, finding that Mile, George had taken supper with him at his château in the country, sent for the contractor, and put this awkward question: "Monsieur, how much did you make by your contract for the army at the beginning of the year?" The contractor knew it was in vain to equivodate, and replied, " Four

million france, sire.' "Then, sir, you made too much; so pay im-mediately two millions into the treasury. Go!" No wonder that Ouvrard referred to this as the

most expensive supper he ever gave. Two very prominent characteristics of Mr. Wikoff, perhaps the most prominent, seem to have been his admiration for women and his desire to be made acquainted with the nobility. Of these he makes no secret. Indeed, he is frank in his acknowledgment to an unusua degree. Here is what he tells us about his youth:

At this age, and long after, the fair sex wielded a kind of mesmorie influence over me, to be attributed in part, perhaps, to an extreme nervous sensibility, and in part to an inscrutable sympathy founded on something feminine in

my cert sature. As boy and som the compenionsaip of women has always been more paintable to me than that of men. The fruest and
most lasting friendships of my life lave been
with women and had no other basis then simple affection. Those I have loved I have always
lost-generally the case, I believe. Yot, notwithstanding the sympathy aforesaid, and the deep
delight I found in remais association, I have
never, by a singular perversity, till very redeat
years, felt entire self-possession in the society
of women. Whether the difficient that siways
disturbed my intercourse with women arose
from constitutional weakness, or from a consciousness of their subtle power over me, and
an undefinable dread of dangers unknown. I
cannot say: but most certainly, in one way or
another, women have been anything but my
guardian angels, for nearly all the serious
troubles of my variegated careor have been in
connection with them.

No less naïve and no less explicit is Mr. Wi-

No less naive and no less explicit is Mr. Wikoff's confession upon the other point:

No less naïve and no less explicit is Mr. Wikoff's confession upon the other point:

Among the introductions that Vice-President van Buren had favored me with was one to his provised, Mr. Vail. American Charge d'Affaires, couched in the heartiest language; and I plumed myself vestly on the advantages of such a recommendation. I had a violent ionging to make my obeisance to William IV., and beyond that to penetrate into the patrician shioons of the most exclusive arist-cracy of Europa. My fancy had been long inflamed by the highly-wrought sketches of Bulwer and Disrael of their manners and ways, and to soo lords and ladies in the flesh. I thought, would be little else than downright biles. For an American, with neither title nor pedigree, to effect an entrance into those fairy realms. In those days, without the zealous aid of his diplomatic representative, was about as easy as for the Biblical camel to pass through the eye of a needle; and I was all the more grateful to Mr. Van Buren for the talisman which I supposed would accomplish my object.

On presenting my letter to Mr. Vall, whom I found living in quiet lodgings in a retired street. I was a little subdued by his cold and formal presence. He was a nice-looking man, with an air of great respectability, but crecies and reserved, as he no doubt thought became his dignity. He read my introduction carefully, laid it down gravely, paused a moment, and then inquired if I intended to remain long in London. My magination took fire at once, for I inferred from this, if I stayed long enough my going to court was a certainty. I replied that I was master of my own time, was to no hurry to quit Lundon, and especially anxious to see all I could meanwhile. Mr. Veil nodded calmly, but said utothing, which a trills dissoncerted me. In my blandest manner I ventured upon a few remarks on the state of the weather, expecting every instant the imperturbable Charge would suggest the sort of uniform I must wear at the King's levee. But to my surprise he did not look it, but fear t

Is that the rule?" I blurted out.

"It is," was the inconic rejoinder.
I did my best to oversome my disappointment.
"Is it possible," I continued, "to obtain an invitation to any of the balls or parties of the nobility taking place nightly?"

At this Mr. Vall looked astonished, and did it well. Have you brought letters to any of them?"

n," he said, in a placid tone, "I don' Then, he said in a placid tone, "I don't see how it is possible."

My visions of a dip in "high life" were rudely dispelled, and I was conscious that I had been building easiles in the air without thought of the ladder to reach them. Yet sore is, methought. I have a claim to some civility. Will this callous diplomat pressure to ignore the Vice-President's endorsement? I will try something not impracticable.

I should like," I persisted, "to see the House of Lords, and I hear a ticket is necessary."

"I should like," I persisted, "to see the House of Lords, and I hear a ticket is necessary."
"It is: but mine is unfortunately engaged for some days," was the response.
"Can you get me into the House of Commons, then?" was my next demand.
"If you will call in about a fortoight," he remarked after examining a paper on his table, "perhaps l-can manage it."
I was astonished and indignant, but lingered for a moment lenger, believing he meant to ask me to dinner or at least to breakfast, a cheaper kind of hospitality. Not a bit of it. I detected no symptoms of a thear and belied, examining a most aloud as I regained the street, That man is first cousin to an is-berg, if not more nearly related. Anything so frigid and har I never met in human shape. The sunstine was reviving after the freezing contact liked undergone. A week later he left his card, and this was all I lever got from him.

There could be no more significant commen-

amost aboul as I regained the street. That main is first cousin to an in-berg, if not more hearly related. Anything so frigid and hard I never met in human shape." The sunshine was reviving after the freezing contact I had undergone. A week have he left his card, and this was all I ever got from him.

There could be no more significant commentary than is embedded in the foregoing quotation from Mr. Wikoff's book on the light in which travelling Americans are accustomed to regard our foreign Ministers. They evidently look on them as a sort of superior ralet de place, whose first dury perior ralet de place, whose first dury perior ralet de place, whose first dury it is to assist in introducing their aspiring fellow countrymen to the foreign nobility. Failing in this regard, they are undoubtedly considered by others, as well as Mr. Wikoff, as "first cousinsto an iceberg," or perhaps something worse. But this rebuff by no means calmed Mr. Wikoff's arder for the aristocracy. "Though busy," he says, "with my researches into the political and social organism of the country of which I had become a denizen. I was none the less eager to investigate personally the scented realms of its recherché society. My first pluncay was a belf world and mare in the country of which I had become a denizen. I was none the less eager to investigate personally the scented realms of its recherché society. My first pluncay was a belf was a constituent of the country of which I had become a denizen. I was none the less eager to investigate personally the scented realms of its recherché society. My first pluncay was a belf was a constituent by the North and condemned by gate personally the scented realms of its recherché society. My first plunge was a bold one, and put my nerves to a severe test. I obtained an invitation to Almack's, and ventured upon the sacred ground. When I breathed for the first time the aromatic atmosphere of lords and ladies of the seventh heaven of fashion, I thought it just as well I was not known as an American. I took the risk of being presented to one of the lady patronesses, the Conn. tess Aylmer. She regarded me for a few moments with a look half curious, half supercilious. 'How well you speak English,' at last she remarked. 'This is not the first time, your ladyship, that I have visited England,' I replied with a smile. 'Ah, that explains it,' she answered in a satisfied tone, and turning to

speak to some one who came up. I fell back in the throng." The shoulder of this fair dame may have been beautiful; it certainly was cold. One would suppose that very little satisfaction could have been extracted from such a reception as this, and that the chill of it would have quenched the ardor of the most untamed American lion hunter. It is no wonder that we find Mr. Wikoff ingenuously but ruefully meditating upon the affair in this man "To a person of a nervous, sensitive temperament the cold, undemonstra-tive deportment of the haute noblesse that I met at Almack's was not a little benumbing. and it required a good deal of resolution to ar proach it without being congealed on the spot." But Mr. Witoff's spirit remained buoyant and unquenchable; and the height of his social ambiion was probably attained when he was presented at court by Mr. Andrew Stevenson o Virginia, who superseded the obdurate Mr. Vail This gentleman promised Mr. Wikoff that if he could get his court dress finished in time, he would present him at the last levee of the sea-

son. The presentation is thus described:

I ordered forthwith my diplomatic costume, consisting of a blue cost with collar, lapels, and cuffie embroidered in gold, and trousers of the same material with gold bands. This was the dress worn at levees. For drawing rooms or other court fêtes, white cassimere breeches with silk stockings and buckled shoes were adopted. A dress sword and chapsau bras were used on both occasions. Duly accounted, I drove up to the Legation at the appointed hour, and accompanied the Minister and the Secretary of Legation. Mr. Theodore S. Fay, to St. James's Palace.

When the turn of the American Minister ame I followed him, and was presented to the King as an attaché to the United States Legation. He bestowed on me a gracious glance, and inquired if I had recently arrived in London, to which I replied in the affirmative. He then asked in what part of the country my estate was situated.

"In Pennsylvania, your Majesty." I answered.

This seemed entirely satisfactory, and his son. The presentation is thus described:

In remarkable.

This seemed entirely satisfactory, and his Majesty bowed, which was the signal to move on, and henceforward I took rank as an attache to the Court of St. James's. Naturally Mr. Wikoff went to the opera, both in London and Paris. At the former place his

simplicity and innocence received a very rude shock, which he thus narrates:

In spite of the opers, the ballet, and all the grand people, my attention was concentrated on a feature of the occasion that was new, and affected my nerves terribly. I refer to the décolletée condition of the female part of the audience. All of them, and of all ranks, who had anything to beast of, made a revelation, not merely of arms and shoulders, but of their busts, that was quite appalling to one 'not a native here, and to the manner born.' I had seen nothing like it in my travels, for French and Italian women, though considered lax by the English, recoiled from any similar parade of their charms. What a strange inconsistency!

The Britons, men and women, are unquestionably a moral people, and decorous in all things to a nice degree; but in society the ladies shock, which he thus narrates:

an expose of their persons creatures—a rooming their loveliness to the extent I witnessed on madyont at the opera and a thousand time after. Instead of soher England, I almost doubted if I was in a Christian land, but was doing rather in the Oriental elime of the voluy thous infidet. I looked around, perplexed a the impassibility of the men, who seemed un conscious of the formidable butteries their eye must have encountered every moment, while conscious of the formidable batteries their eyes must have encountered every moment, while I was in a state of perturbation hard to conceal. Accustomed to the prudery of my milve town, where a nude statue fusited the check of innoceace, and where the unadorned symphs of a Rabons or a Tittan would have been stigmatized as indecent. I considered the spectacle not only novel, but indelicate. Truly nations have their anomalies, as individuals, that confound philosophy and dely solution.

During a great part of Mr. Wikoff's travels on the Continent, Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, was his companion. They went together to Russia, and having letters to Prince Woronzow. then Governor-General of Southern Russia, and one of the principal men of the empire, Mr. Wikoff proposed that they should make an excursion thither. To this, however, Mr. Forrest domurred, and, referring to the causes of his inwillingness to go, Mr. Wikoff gives in these words an admirable statement of some of the salient points of the actor's singular character:

salient points of the actor's singular character:
I divined immediately the nature of his objection. He had, or affected to have, a dislike for fine company, which he always alleged proceeded from his strong democratic sentiments; but I knew, from a long acquaintance, it aroso from other causes. Though a man of great intelligence, he had worked so sedulously at his profession that he had given little stiention to other matters. Of politics, in the larger some, he had only a superficial knowledge, and not much more of literature, save as connected with his art. He had no facility for small talk, and was much addicted to a dogmatic expression of his opinions on current topics. His intimate much more of literature, save as connected with his art. He had no facility for semil talk, and was much addicted to a dogmatic expression of his opinions on current topics. His Intimate friends humored him, but in society he could expect no such tolerace. He was proud mis sensitive besides, and could not brook to play a secondary role in the world when he occupied the front rank on the stage. He therefore eschewed society, as a rule, where he was always restless and uncomfortable-yeard, as the French say—and sought the companionship of a limited circle who adored the actor and admired the man, in spite of his waywardness. We were often in collision on the subject of society. I was as fond of distinguis people as he was average to them; but he was never more pleased, I observed, than to make a good impression when he condescended to play the carpet knight. I was bent on the visit to the Prince Woronzow, and resolved to take him with me. Accustomed to his peculiarities, I knew how to tackle him; and so, after much argument and more persuasion, he yielded the point, and agreed to accompany me.

Mr. Wikoff proceeds to detail a long con-

Mr. Wikeff proceeds to detail a long conversation that he had with Prince Woronsow on the subject of the United States. If it is correctly reported and not retouched in the light of recent history, it certainly shows on the part of the Russian statesman not only a minute knowledge of the nature of our institutions. but also a remarkable prophetic intuition. The onversation occurred in 1835, and Prince Woronzow distinctly foretells our civil war. It is impossible to give the interview in full, al-

though it is quite interesting: "It is a strange experiment," besaid, "to put government in the hands of the masses. It may answer in your case, where you have the continent pretty much to yourselves; but in Europe, split up as we are into various States,

reason, when the blood and money expended in war would be their own?" Later on the conversation turned upon the partition of Poland, which created such a widespread armpathy for that ill-fated land se pecially in this country. Naturally the Russian took no part in this sentimental feeling for an extinguished nation, and, in fact, presented the opposite view of the question with great clearness and force, as follows:

ness and force, as follows:

Why should Russia be more censured for this event than Prussia and Austria, who shared in it? But the plain truth is, no one was to blame. It was as been necessity. Poland was a nuisance, and had to be aboted. During the course of centuries she was always engaged in foreign or civit war. She invaded us over and over again. She could never it we at peace with her neighbors or with hersoif. Anarchy was her normal condition from the defects of her organization. Bussia upheld her last king. Stanisiaus II.; but intestine feuds, as aiways, dethroned him till, to put an end to this furnace of discord. Austria, Prussia, and Russia extinguished it. It sounds very pretty in poetry to say that "Freedom shrieked when Rosciusko feli"—which, by the way he did not yet all the Kosciuskos in the world would never have made an orderly, well-conducted State of Poland. Her long history is there to prove it.

Mr. Wikoff was mainly instrumental in bring-

Mr. Wikoff was mainly instrumental in bringing Fanny Eissler to this country, and he gives considerable space in his book to the details of the events which connected him with the engagement of this famous danseuse to appear at the old Park Theatre in this city. According to his account. Mile. Elssier was as charming in her private as in her public life, a woman of refinement and gentleness, and possessed of great simplicity and beauty of character.

Mr. Wikoff also met and was in confidential relations with the Countess Guiccioli, who still preserved much of the charm that had held Byron captive. She submitted some of the poet's letters to his inspection, and read to him one of them which he had written in her garden, upor the blank page of one of her books that he found there during her absence. The letter and Mr. Wikoff's comments are as follows:

Wikoff's comments are as follows:

My Dranst Tunks: I have read this book in your parden. By love, you were absent, or I should not have read it. It is a favorite book of yours, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these lengtish words, and others will not understaind them but you will recognize the handwriting of him who passionately loves you, and you will divine that over a book which is yours, he couldonly think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—cook will exist here, and lear a final exist here and to have a convenient of the state of t

As the Countess rend these touching words her eyes filled with tears, and her voice choked with omotion. I, too, was not a little affected by this simple and ardent avowal of an affection that evidently knew no bounds. None who have eyer known anything of the pangs of an ill-starred love can doubt that this was a genuine outburst of the great poet's infatuation for his idol.

After a short pause. I seeked the Counter of the pange of the pange of the great poet's infatuation for his idol.

his idol.

After a short pause, I asked the Countess what had happened on the return to her home.

"I found Byron." she responded. "In a very unhappy and fretful state. He could not bear what seemed to him an equivocal, if not degrading, position. He insisted, as a positive proof of my devotion, that I should break off all relations with my aged husband; and I was only too ready to comply with his wishes."

The extracts we have given will suffice to show the general character of the author's reminiscences. It will readily be perceived that he written a readable book. His style is not brilliant nor imaginative, and, so far as the mere description of places or events is concerned, the same ground has been covered

sgain and again by writers who have brough gifts of style, Compared with these, Mr. le book is somewhat prolix. But on the other hand he has met many famous men and women, and the sketches that he gives us of their manners and conversation, and of the historical circumstances by which they were surrounded. are both interesting and instructive.

Travel and Study in Palestine.

A well-conceived attempt to Hiumino the

3thb narrative by pen and pencil sketches

drawn from the architecture and scenery, the manners and customs, of Southern Palestine and Jerusalom is presented with all the out-ward attractions of sumptuous print and costly engraving in The Land and the Book, by W. M. Thomson, D. D. (Harpers.) Dr. Thomson's qualifications for the task here undertaker seem to be considerable, whether we regard him es a scholar or a traveller. He evinces a satisfactory acquaintance with the apparatus of Bib-lical exposition, so signally augmented of late years, and made up of commentaries, dictionaries, guide books, maps, plans, pletures, and photographs; and he has tried to incorporate in the present volume the most valuable results of modern research and discovery. What is still more pertinent to his specific purpose, he has been for forty-flve years a missionary in Syria and Palestine, and has therefore, enjoyed altogether exceptional opportunities of local observation. A large part of these pages were actually written in the open country, on seashore or sacred lake, on hillside or mountain top, under the olive or the oak, and these happy conditions of place and circumstance have given color and character to many parts of the work. Like other books, the Bible has had a home, a birt) place; its language and especially its imagery, are wrought of indigenous materials, and the author's aim is to seelst us to comprehend those native and local associations out of which the texture and th tint of the Biblical narratices and the sacred poetry of the Hebrews have been evolved.

We observe that Dr. Thomson concurs with Mr. Fergusson, Dr. Clarke, and many others in rejecting the tradition that the present Church of the Hols Sepulchre occupies the site of the resurrection. His objection is based on the physical topography of Jerusalom, viewed in connection with the Scriptural statement that the tomb where Jesus was inid was outside of the second wall. No competent engineer, he says, would select a line for this wall which should leave the ground occupied by the present church outside of it. Such a course assigned to the second line of fortifications would give to that part of the city a preposterous configuration, and so contract the area between it and the old first wall as to make it scarcely worth erecting. The author, however, is not convinced by Mr. Fergusson's attempt to identify the present Mosque of Omar with the true seene of the resurrection, and he is disposed fo think it impossible to discover the veritable site

of the Saviour's sepulchre.

There are at least a score of different theories in regard to the position of Solo mon's Temple and the edifices connected with it. The author's personal observations lead him to prefer the hypothesis of Capt. Warren which is that the temple with its courts occupled a parallelogram extending quite across from the present eastern wall to that on the west, in length 900 feet, and having a width of 100 feet. According to this theory the temple itself stood upon or near the platform of the so-called Dome of the Rock. Between it and the south wall of the general area there is supposed to have been a space 300 feet wide and 900 feet long, mong which, the author thinks. ran the grand areade or cloister creeted by Herod, and repeatedly mentioned in the New Testament under the name of Solomon's Porch, According to the description of Josephus, this cloister was 900 feet long, 135 feet wide, and the oof over the centre was seventy-five feet high, If these dimensions are necurately given, the arcade certainly, as the historian said, better leserved to be mentioned than any other under

the sup. One of the most interesting chapters of this book sets forth the writer's impressions of Gaza, which is, perhaps, the very oldest continuously inhabited city in the world; certainly far older than the so-called Eternal City by the Tiber. Gaza was a town before Abraham saw the land of promise, and now it is the largest city close to the seasonst of Palestine. The name occurs for the first time in Biblical history in the tenth chapter of Gonesis, and it recurs in almost every book of the Oid Testament. Thothmes and Fameses held it as the key to their conquests in Asia, and the Ptolemys, like the Pharachs, regarded it as the gateway to the Rast. To the conquering dynasties of Assyria, Babrion. ind Persia its possession was essential to the success of their invasions of Egypt. Its strong walls and the indomitable bravery of its defenders stopped for five months the headlong career of Alexander, and it repeatedly figured as a coveled stronghold in the annals of the Crusades. Bonaparte captured t at the beginning of this century, and from it the Egyption army under Ibrahim Pasha took their final departure from Syria at the dietation of the European powers, in 1840. Through innumerable sieges and vicissitudes this city of the Philistines has held on to tife with a tenacity almost without a parallel down to the

present hour. Any work designed to meet the particular end contemplated by this volume ought, of course, to abound in pictorial illustrations, and here is certainly no lack of them in the present volume. They are said to be entirely new. prepared expressly for this book from photo raphs taken by the author, and most of them are admirably ongraved.

> Diversity. Other mople have their faniss,
> And so have we as well;
> And all rechance to am and hear
> Ye have no right to tell.

Aye! let us hold our tongues in cheek, At all times given to running. Nor take such pains to ferret out Gar neighbor's lack or cunning

Some waar their blemishes on taide The real man or woman, While others hide them, if they can; Yet all alike are human.

The rose that bears the sharpest thorn Is ottentimes the sweetest; Bo stern, decisive sonis have proved The truest and completeet. And he who seems to shed no tears Of serrow for another

May be the very one whose hand First lifts the fallen brother. Be not deceived by onwide show; Because he chooses in his way

To live and love and labor. Diversity of thought and mind Shines in each path of duty; Diversity is God's great plan To make a world of beauty

The Ballad of the Coming of the Rain. When the morning swoons in its highest heat, And the sunshine dims, and no dark shade

Streaks the dust of the dazzling street, And the long straw splits in the lemonade; When the circus lags in a sad parade, And the drum throbs dull as a paise of pafa, And the breezeless flags hang limp and frayed-O, then is the time to look for rain.

When the man on the watering cart bumps by, With a strange, sweet smile, and one shut eye Lost in a dream of the afternoon When the awning sags like a lank balloon, and a thick sweat stands on the window pane, And a five-cent fan is a priceless boon-O, then is the time to look for rain.

When the goldfish tank is a grimy gray, And the dummy stands at the clothin With a cap pulled on in a rakish way, And a rubber coat with the hind before; When the man in the barber chair flops o'er, And the chin he wags has a telltale stain, And the bootblack lurks at the open door— O, then is the time to look for rain

Answers to Correspondents Frank Krieg-You had better get a new certificate of naturalization.

J. Harrill. Unless you voted in New York during the two years you were there, you did not lose; our residence in Jersey City.

THE STOCKINGS OF THIS SEASON,

Who would have thought some five or six years ago, when ladies were hesitating as to wearing a red and white striped, or pale blue, or a rose-colored stocking, that in 1880 their arching insteps would be hearing a variety of designs such as boungers of flowers, humming birds, serobata, butlet girle, beehives, and piping highlanders in all colors of the rainhow exposed by the low Greeian shoe, or the graceful Louis Quinns silpper? Would Martha Washington, who knit her own and her husband's hose during the Revolutionary War, be most delighted, astonished, or shocked to see the displays on the brilliant and attractive noetery counters of to-day? Did Richelieu over dream or Voltaire most remotely imagine that their scatimental but versatile and witty. nation would some day choose to immortalize their names through the medium of a stocking, or that the most popular memento moris of the greatest statesman and the greatest wit of France would be in the shape of hosiery of

Liste thrend and silk? On the counters of a well-known Twenty-third street house some marvels in the way of hos ery were displayed early in the season. They were plain, heavily woven, black silk hose. The insteps of each pair of these stockings were adorned with either a butterfly, a pair of humming birds, a Scotch highlander with his baggipe, an acrobat, or a dancing ballet girl with Taglioni-like scantness of drapery, embroidered in bright colors and enclosed in a framework of light embroidered traceries lowers and vines.

Germany was the first to produce the stamped stocking, which salesmen everywhere tell us are "selling like hot cakes." These stockings are of the finer restities of cotton, stamped, not only in resebuds and forget-me-nots on an écru ground, but in all the colors and designs of the fashionable foulards, Yeddo crapes, ginghams, muslins, and calteoes. Upon a dark ground of mottled eastimere colors numbers of little binebells are scattered, and another ittle bluebolls are scattered, and anomalous pair of stockings are a double minlature reminder of May daley days, so thickly sprinkled are they with these long-stemmed wild flowers. The strangeing of these hose is all done on the upper side, but they will wear and wash as well as if the solors were dyed before they were knitted or

long-stemmed wild flowers. The stamping of those hose is all done on the upper side, but they will west and wash as well as if the solors were dyed before they were knitted or woven.

We keep no stockings priced less than \$2 a pair in French and English manufactures, said the saiseman at Arnoid, Constable & Co.'s.

"and these are our latest importations."

He opened a box of pure white hise thread hose, thin as game, through the cobwell-like texture of which every veh and every treaming ty of the skin and music in his hand were visible as he draw it on over his flagers to display it to better advantage. They were hand embroidered in boot shape in heliotrope and rose-coired polic dols, which covered the fact to a little above the call, and were only \$1 a pair. Others of ceru-colored slik are striped up the front in him stripes of raised embroidered in small pelm load, looking as if cut from the hand-comest of India cachiners shawls, reduced in size, and applicated on. Others of pair French blue and rose color are ribbed in such a manuer that, when drawn on, the ribappears in bands of sliver sheen running in vertical lines from toe to garter. But the very handsomest of all the large collection of stockings displayed here is of black Lisle thread, the front of the stocking to the boot top being of exquisite to all back Chandilly lace, while the double woven toes and needs are white. These cost \$13 a pair, and ladies who are able to buy them or whose surrennelling hace, while the double woven toes and needs are white. These cost \$13 a pair, and ladies who are able to buy them or whose surrennellings admit of their proper display wear them at home with their low Turkish multe showers. The sreat value of these black stocking to the lace clocked stocking round in the lace clocked all over-but immediately the quite front and solosing. As faith the German manufacturers sent out the lace-clocked stocking round in the professional or one professional or and continued to delicate combinations of pale heliotrops and the dec

cerds its real value is the bended stocking. Here it is." he said laying out a crape-finished stocking, whose fabrie is of liste thread or silk, and is embroidered all over with old-gold-cold stocking, whose fabrie is of liste thread or silk, and is embroidered all over with old-gold-cold stocking, whose fabrie is of liste thread or silk, and is embroidered all over with old-gold-cold-cold silk in head of the lock and it thickly sovered with tary gold beads. English stockings never come in inexpensive styles. They are usually of decided colors, in heavy spun silk, with a clocking upon the instep, or they are Derby ribbed, and fit like a glove.

Everybody knows that a French stocking is seamed beneath the foot, and the counter was covered with a bewildering display of light silk hosiery goods, lace embroidered, flowered, checked, striped, Roman platded, mottled, bended, spangied, and what not.

This, said the manager, drawing a pair of sky blue hose toward him. "is the Voltairs. The bottom of the foot, you see, is of rich garnet, and two long points of this color pass up the sides to the calf, and end in an embroidered garnet and blue flower design, thus leaving a pair of long, narrow blue points to pass down over the instep in front and the heel in the back; but as a Freachman never joins two harsh lines of opposing color and leaves them so, he has broken the outlines by putting an additional border of tiny embroidered garnet dots around the whole design wherever the garnet comes in direct contrast to the blue. This hose is worn with the lowest of sandals or Louis XV, slippers. It comes in all combinations, and costs \$9 to \$12 a pair. These are what are called jardiniere effects."

He held up two pairs of stilk hose, one pink, the other blue. The pink pair had a heavy handwrought embroidery up each side of sprays of blue forget-me-nots and green leaves. The blue ches were embroidered in wild rosses whit rich gold embroidery or a fantastically topped old gold foot joins an upper part of black sile sover the gold

wished.

"The fancy for solid colored besiery is rapidly gaining ground." we were told. "slithough with many ladies the motto this summer seems to be the gayer the better. Young men, too, are wearing socks about the house as fanciful in design and coloring as the school girls."

Coshmere stockings match all the coshmere

as fanciful in design and coloring as the school girls."

Cashmere stockings match all the cashmere effects in dress materials. Solid colored clocked half hose in light tims are more fashionable than ever for little children. Polka dats are arranged in all kinds of patterns. Silk homan riaded stockings are vory beautiful, and sell at \$10 and \$12 a pair. Vertically striped stockings are all the rage. A lace-clocked stockings are all the rage. A lace-clocked stocking is frequently drawn on over one of solid color, with very pretty effect. French Lisle throad and silk stockings are the coolest hose worn. But there are many lovely things in inexpensive cotton hose that mothers prefer for ordinary wear for themselves and for their little oues; for, of course, everything pretty is copied in the cheaper qualities of goods. Stamped stockings are the most fashionable of these inexpensive cotton hose, and after them come vertical stripes and polks dustament at Stowart's impressed upon us was conveyed in these words:

"Don't forget our real Balbriggan hose at \$6." Six dollars a dozen I suppose he meant, but you had best go and see for your selves.

The Presbyterian General Assembly Invited

to Go to the Devil's Lake. From the Wheating Leather.

Mantson, Wis., May 29.—The Presbyterian